

## **Melting Marshmallow by OnlyHope39**

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**Relationships:** Will Byers & Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

Byler one shot, about Mike and Will's first date. Mike experiences a new thing.

## Melting Marshmallow

### Author's Note:

- For [Not\\_So\\_Typical\\_Girl](#).

Dedicated to @Not\_So\_Typical\_Girl, in honor of her first day back to school, since Hurricane Florence. Love ya girl! You got this!!

Mike was nervous, hands trembling, knee-shaking nervous. As he ran a hand through his soft, freshly washed curls, Mike peered upon the dirt field, waiting for him. *Him*, Mike breathed to ease his nerves. The sun was approaching sleep, the soft orange and pink hues covering the sky, with a cloud or two painted across. It was the perfect setting, for a perfect evening. The setting for a perfect first date.

It was The Party's senior year of high school, and they all agreed to be more socially interactive with their peers. In addition to the AV club, Mike joined the Varsity Track team. Apparently, there was an advantage to having lanky limbs and a slim torso, not to mention all those years he outran Troy, James, and Dr. Brenner's team. The coach noticed Mike running down the hall, with a failed chemistry experiment, on the brink of explosion, and knew he had to have Mike on his team. Mike was one of the top 10 runners in the state of Indiana, and his Mama was proud.

Max joined the Debate Team, for her obvious quick comebacks and witty remarks. Plus, she was an excellent fact-checker, setting some teachers straight, during class. Max and Lucas were still an item...an *attached* item. Lucas joined the Varsity Football team, and even though Max always poked fun at his new jock status, she attended every single one of his games.

El joined the school choir programs and began enlisting in almost every ensemble. Her speech therapist, who Hopper hired to assist with expanding her vocabulary further, said that choir would help El in her vocal training. El, who used to be shy and introverted, due to her time at Hawkins Lab, was now the most extroverted of the Party, and LOVED being the soloist, for every concert. Most of the other

girls called her a ham, Mike called her brave.

Over the years, Mike and El grew apart romantically, but remained best friends. As they got older, they both realized that they wanted different things. Mike slowly began to realize that maybe a girlfriend wasn't what he wanted. El noticed it first, and brought it to his attention, in a kind and gentle manner. After a long discussion, Mike and El ended their romantic relationship mutually.

Mike still didn't know exactly what he was looking for, until he had a dream, about a certain boy, that was lost in the Upside Down. Immediately, Mike came to his realization of exactly what he wanted. Mike came out of the closet, with El by his side for support. The Party was obviously accepting of Mike's choice and embraced him in a group hug that lasted the whole lunch period...basically, no one ate and Dustin inhaled four plates of waffles at Benny's, later that afternoon. A few weeks went by and one afternoon, while Mike was putting his books in his locker, it hit him like a bulldozer....Mike was in love....with his best friend.

Will Byers.

It took Mike a few days, to gather the courage to ask Will out on a date. At every opportunity, Mike would either get nervous or they would get interrupted by something or someone. One afternoon, as Mike and Will were alone in the basement, working on Calculus homework, Mike was finally gonna ask Will out, only to be interrupted by Karen, reminding Mike to fold his freshly clean underwear. Will laughed into hysterics and Mike turned so red, he thought his face would explode.

Mike finally got his moment. After track practice, Mike was changing his clothes, in the locker room, when he noticed a flyer for the annual Hawkins High School Bonfire. *Perfect!* Mike jumped around with excitement and ran out to find Will. Will was alone in the Art Lab, and without warning, Mike ran into the room, startling Will.

“Mike?!?” Will exclaimed.

“Don’t talk!” Mike instructed, passing Will the flyer. Will looked at Mike, all confused and still taken off guard by Mike’s sudden burst of

confidence.

“Will,” Mike began, “would you like to go with me to the bonfire?”

Will stared at Mike, “You mean with the Party?” Will asked.

“No,” Mike said softly.

Will grinned, starting to catch on, “A date?”

Mike nodded and grinned like an idiot, his messy curls all over the place from track practice.

“Ok,” Will said, “I’ll go out with you.”

Mike smiled and kissed Will’s cheek, “Meet me there at 7,” he said as he slowly walked backwards out the room, still gazed at Will.

“OK,” Will grinned and blushed. For the rest of the afternoon, Will couldn’t concentrate on his art project.

Which brings tonight, Mike dressed in a soft, green sweater with blue jeans. Freshly showered, shaven, with a hint of aftershave, neck craned looking for his date. The familiar green vehicle pulling into the makeshift parking lot, and the familiar, yet shorter teen boy, getting out of the driver seat. Mike’s heart stopped, for Will looked incredible. Blue jeans, boots, a white v-neck sweater, hair swept to the side, and the most beautiful complexion, radiating in the sunset. Will’s eyes wondered around, to search for Mike, Mike stared straight at him, hypnotized.

*This is it...this is the first date...finally,* Mike gulped and walked towards Will. Will’s gaze finally landed on Mike’s, a smile forming on his face. Both briskly walked towards each other, smiling like they haven’t seen each other in years. With a small space between them, Will breathed softly.

“Hi,” Will smiled.

“Hi,” Mike smiled back.

Both stood there for a moment, taking each other in with first love gazes. Mike shifted back and forth on his heels with nerves. Will was surprisingly still.

“You look nice,” Mike said, trying to break the ice.

Will blushed, “You do, too,” he responded.

“So....you wanna do this?” Mike said, causing Will to giggle.

“You mean the date?” Will said.

“Yea,” Mike said, turning red. Will reached for Mike’s hand and interlocked their fingers, causing Mike’s heart to beat faster.

“Come on,” Will said, leading Mike to the bonfire, “I need a s’more.”

Mike followed Will like a love-sick puppy, still clutching tightly to his hand. There were a handful of students, at the bonfire, and Mike recognized a few of them. Some students waved at Mike and Will as they walked towards the food table. Will gathered a plate of graham crackers, chocolate, and marshmallows, while Mike grabbed the roasting sticks. Making their way to an empty log, at the bonfire, Mike grew more nervous, and Will could tell.

“What is it?” Will asked, in a low tone.

Mike sighed, “I’ve...never made a s’more before.”

Will looked at Mike, in shock, “Wait....really?”

“Really,” Mike confessed.

“Why not?” Will asked.

“Dad didn’t want to mess up the back yard. Plus, he said bonfires were dangerous, afraid it would spread to our house and burn it down,” Mike admitted, embarrassed.

Will tried to hold in his laughter, which caused Mike to laugh a little, too.

“It’s not funny!” Mike laughed.

“Y-yes, it is,” Will gasped, “It sounds just like T-Ted!”

Both boys doubled over in loud laughter, as some of the other students turned to stare at them. One student, waiting in line for his supplies, yelling, “Hey we don’t have all night!”

Will and Mike took their places at the bonfire. Will prepared Mike’s roasting stick, with a large marshmallow, “How do you want your marshmallow?” Will asked.

“Uh,” Mike was confused, “Hot?”

Will laughed, “It’s ok, I’ll make it just like mine.” Will winked and held the roasting sticks towards the fire. Will handed Mike his roasting stick, as the marshmallow was turning a soft shade of brown.

“Now, hold it like this,” Will adjusted Mike’s hand on the stick, causing Mike’s face to tingle. As Mike roasted his marshmallow, his eyes met with Will’s. Both boys holding roasting sticks, while staring at each other. The reflection of the bonfire bouncing in Will’s irises, Mike was entranced by Will’s soft features and began to lean forward, for a kiss. When suddenly, Will yelled, “Mike! Your marshmallow!”

Mike looked at his marshmallow, which was black and on fire (obviously), but Mike got startled and began waving it around, like he was trying to swat a fly. Will burst into laughter and went to help Mike, by blowing off the flaming, sticky snack.

“Oh no, I burnt it!” Mike said frustrated.

“No, it’s ok,” Will assured him, “watch this.” Will took the charred marshmallow and prepped Mike’s first s’more. Mike watched in amazement, as the marshmallow melted onto the chocolate and oozed under the graham cracker.

“See?” Will continued, “the more you burn it, the softer it gets.”

Will handed Mike his s’more, and their hands brushed against one another. Mike took Will’s hand into his own, as he took his first bite.

“Wow,” Mike said with his mouth full, “this is amazing!”

“Yeah, you like it?” Will smiled, squeezing Mike’s hand.

A dribble of melted marshmallow ran down Mike’s chin. Will immediately lunged forward and pressed his lips on Mike’s. Mike returned the kiss, holding a half-eaten s’more in one hand and holding Will’s waist with the other, both locked together, feeling the adrenaline of their very first kiss. Will licked the marshmallow off Mike’s chin, with his tongue, then breaking the kiss momentarily, for air.

“I loved it,” Mike breathed, bring Will closer for another long and passionate kiss.